Park Row, New York.

JOSEPH PULITZER, Pres., 7 East 13d Street. J. ANGUS SHAW, Sec. Treas., 901 West 112th Street Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter. World for the United States All Countries in the International Postal Union.

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BACK TO THE FARM.

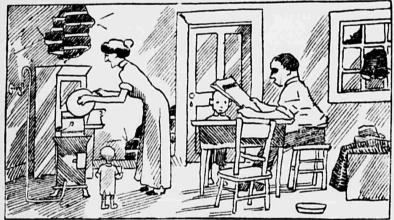


ANY of the men now out of work in this city have had some farming experience. The European immigrants of recent years have come four-fifths from agricultural districts. Especially are the immigrants from Italy and Austria conversant with farm work. Many of these have returned home and more are returning. More steerage passengers are going from New York to Europe than from Europe to

The men out of work who have come from the rural neighborhoods and small towns of this and other States should also go back home and go to work on the farms.

The higher money wages paid in cities and the allurements of city life have drawn the younger men from the country, and by diminishing the quantity of agricultural labor have increased the price of farm products. Now that so many men are out of work in the cities there should be a readjustment in their return to the country.

In the interior of this State, half a day's ride by train from New York, there are hundreds of farms which are not cultivated at all and thousands of good, fertile farms which are cultivated only in part through



Many men have found out their mistake in measuring wages solely by the amount of money received. A single man gets on a farm \$20 to \$30 a month and board. He naturally thought that \$2 or \$2.50 a day in New York would be higher pay. It is not.

On the farm the wages keep on every month and day of the year. So do the food and shelter. In the city the wages are by the day, with As loss through weather, change of job, dull times and other reasons. Although the wages do not keep on every day, the necessity for food and www shelter does.

Here is a great difference which makes \$25 and board on a farm amount to more in the course of a year than \$2.50 or \$3 a day withou

The city workman earning \$3 a day has little left at the end of the year. His rent and his food have taken most of it. More new clothes and the incidental expenses of city life have taken the rest.

On the farm a man need spend no more than \$5 a month. He will wear old clothes by preference, except on Sunday. There are no temptations for him to spend money. His food is also much better than he can buy in the city. The milk, eggs, vegetables and butter are fresher than any Fifth avenue millionaire gets.



For a married man on a farm the house rent is free. He has his own vegetables, chickens and milk, with wages of \$40 to \$50 a month in lieu of board. The surplus eggs will pay his grocer's bill. The proprietor of the farm will be glad to have him anchor himself there for a permanent

By saving his wages for two or three years such a man will have enough capital to rent and stock a farm of his own. There are so many idle farms and the prices are so low that eight or ten years' work and thrift would enable any able bodied man who takes to farming to own his own home and to have something else to leave to his wife and chil-

dren besides the furniture of a few rooms in a tenement house. Back to the farm is a matter which every able-bodied man out of work should consider.

Letters from the People.

published in The Evening World?

A. E.

A "Brain Twister." To the Editor of The Evening World:

Here is a real brain twister for your To the Editor of The Evening World: mathematical readers: A farmer has \$20 A mian in Tuckahoe laughed at the to buy twenty head of cattle. He following loke till life false teeth fell

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The beeflest subway assengers get Mount Vernon, N. Y. To the Editor of The Evening World: on at One Hundred and Third street The Former is Correct. etation; the next beefest at Seventy- To the Editor of The Evening World: ninth street. Like all human bulks Is it sovreet for a bride groom to we halves. Please don't print any more

Began Feb. 1. Ended Feb. 7. , about the innocuousness of over-eating To the Editor of The Evening World: Those Seconty-ninth and One Hun. When was the "Morry Widow" story dred and Third street subway chokers

> ONLY ISLABS Trebaboe Man Laughed at This.

wished to pay 34 per head for cows. 30 out and bit the cas. When the Marcel outs per head for sheep and 25 cents per head for hogs. Required, number of each bought. JOHN GORMAN.

Crowding the Subway With Fat.

To the Fatter of the Subway With Fat.

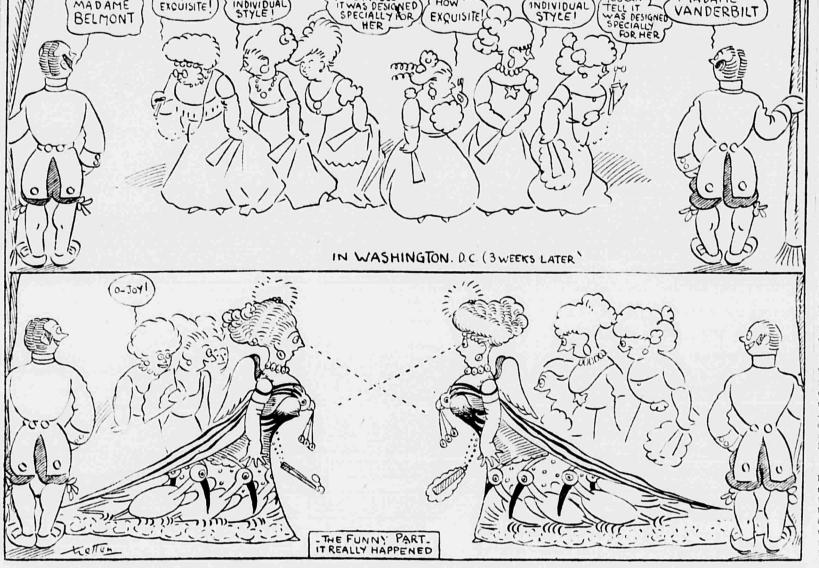
that are out of proportion, they have gray trousers with a Princa Albert coar no consideration for less bulky riders; at an afternoon wedding or should the such of them takes up a seat and two trousers be black?

Y. Z. L. SPENCER, Monroe, N. Y.

"Exclusive" Gowns.

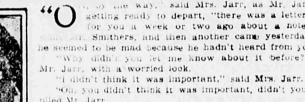
By Maurice Ketten.





Does Your Wife Open Your Letters? If So, Sympathize With Mr. Jarr! He Seems to Be Very Lucky When He Gets Mail Addressed to Him at Home.

By Roy L. McCardell.



getting ready to depart, "there was a letter came or you a week or two ago about a note from seemed to be mad because he hadn't heard from you. "Why didn't you let me know about it before?" said plained all. with a worried look.

'Oh, you didn't think it was important, didn't you?" re-

cially letters you do not want ME to see!' "Any letters people write me that they would not want ME to see they should send them to me here!" said Mr. Jarr bitterly. "Now, please don't begin!" said Mrs. Jarr. "The letter is here somewhere!"

lock on the mantel and otherwise search for it in a leisurely manner. "I don't see why you throw my letters around that way!" exclaimed Mr. Jarr "You shouldn't have letters written to you that you'd be ashamed of!" said

"I do not get any letters I am ashamed of!" snapped Mr. Jarr. "That was very important letter about meeting a note, a business paper; now, maybe,

has gone to protest!" "You shouldn't get that kind of a note that people will protest against," said Mrs. Jarr. "Anyway, they were not notes; they were just letters. I'm sure I don't know what you are doing or who you are writing to, but some day it will all come out!" And here Mrs. Jarr sighed and winked back a tear. Dog gone it! What do you open my mail for? Do I open your mail "I do not get letters I am ashamed of people seeing," said Mrs. Jarr coldly

'Neither do I'' said Mr. Jarr. "But one's correspondence spected, and mine would be if you had any respect for me! "I'm sure I thought it was a bill-it was addressed in typewriting, and had the way, said Mrs. Jarr, as Mr. Jarr was a business imprint on the corner of the envelope," said Mrs. Jarr. "It's the first time I ever saw you so eager to get

'How about the two letters I found behind the bureau when I was looking for my collar-button?" asked Mr. Jarr

"Now don't go fussing with me about that!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I put them on the bureau, intending to tell you about them, and somebody must have "Of course not," said Mrs. Jarr. "If it had been important he would have written you to your office. That's because I was inquisitive. They were addressed to 'Mr.' Jarr, and I thought where all your IMPORTANT letters go, I suppose, espe- it was 'Mrs.' Jarr, and so opened them by mistake, and, anyway, they weren't important."

"That isn't the thing," said Mr. Jarr, trying to keep calm. "Do you think

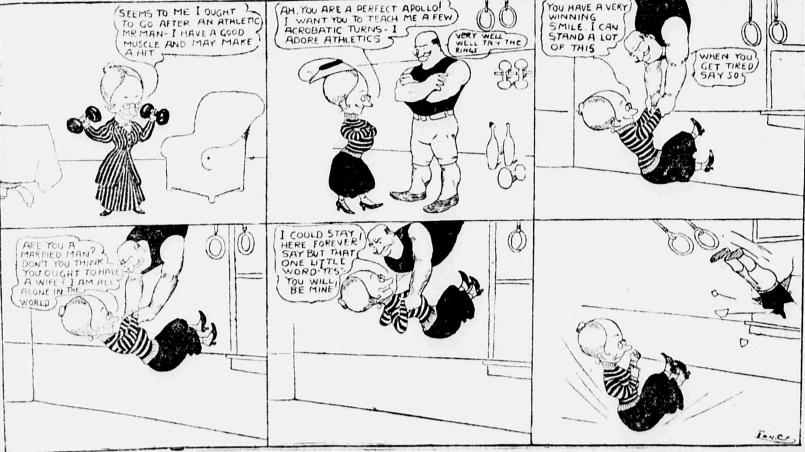
it's right to open my private mail? I'll let you see all the letters I get, but you know you should respect my letters as I respect yours. Do I open your mail it was for 'Mr.' Jarr?" "I'm sure you're welcome to read all my mail," said Mrs. Jarr. "I get no

never looked at them." "When?" asked Mr. Jarr.

make me wise get ALL of your correspondents to write you to your office, as He was not an educated man, although he was a very learned one. ost of them do now!" "Well, you leave my letters alone!" snorted Mr. Jarr, "No other married manner or degree. They respond to different influences and gro

Mr. Jarr as he made this last statement, but made no remark. On the way downtown the angry Mr. Jarr met his friend Rangle. "Does the world.—Boston Globe, our wife open your letters?" he askel. "Not unless they are marked 'Private' or Personal," said Mr. Rangle,

Miss Lonely Now Picks an Athlete for Her Mr. Man. By F. G. Long.



The Story of the Operas * By Albert Payson Terhune.

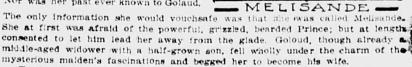
NO. 32-DEBUSSY'S "PELLEAS AND MELISANDE."

PRINCE GOLAUD, grandson of old King Arkel of Allemond way while hunting one day in a forest far distant from his home. Suddenly he came out into a little glade in centre splashed a spring. beautiful girl. At the bottom of the pool gleamed a jewelled crown she had just dropped into its depths. Golaud on her shoulder. She sprang up in dread, screaming:

"Do not touch me, or I shall throw myself into the water!"

"I shall not touch you," Golaud reassured her, "Has anyone injured you?" "Yes," she wept, "every one! But I

Further than this she could not be persuaded to utter a word as to her history or the cause of her sorrow. Nor was her past ever known to Golaud.



To the gloomy, sea girt palace of old King Arkei came news of Golaud's marriage to the unknown woman. The Prince had written the tidings to his young half-brother, Pelleas, bidding the youth break them to Arkel; and if the King approved the match to place a light in the palace tower where it would be visible from the sea. Should no light appear, Golaud's ship would not land, but continue its course to some far country. Arkel, though State reasons made the union undesirable, gave his consent; and Genevieve (mother of the two Princes) bade Pelleas place the signal light in the tower. Golaud, seeing the beaconed from Arkel and Genevieve. She quickly won the affection of little Yniold, Golaud's

in the palace garden. Melisande was idly tossing her wedding ring high in the air; watching it flash in the sunlight; catching the golden circlet as it came down; then tossing it upward again. Once as she caught at it the ring slippeds through her fingers and fell into the depths of the fountain, past all hope of recovery. Melisande was horrifled by what she had done. Pelleas bade her tell Goland the truth about the loss of the ring. But this she shrank from doing, Instead she invented a story of its having fallen off her hand as she was gathering shells in a seaside grotto for Yniold. The young wife was aroused to superstitious horror on learning that, at the very moment she lost the ring lowed thick and fast. Melisande confessed to Goland that she was miserably unhappy at the gloomy palace; but he laughed at her forebodings and depression. One evening Melisande sat at her window singing and combing the shining;

tangle of her long golden hair. Pelles, passing along the mountain path fond of this beautiful woman, and had resolved to leave Allemand. He told her of his intent to go away, and asked leave to kiss her hand in farswell. Before As she leaned over the sill her glorious, loosered hair fell like a golden torrents over Pelleas's head and shoulders, intoxicating him with its splendor. At that coment Golaud appeared. Masking the sullen jealousy that leaped up in his heart, the husband exclaimed, jestingly:
"You are two children! But cease your play. It grows late.

kept close watch on the innocent, foolish young people. He even went so far as to cross-question little Valoid as to Mellsande's actions. Once he lifted the boy so that the latter could peer in through the lighted window of Melisande's bower to spy on her. Though he could discover no real foundation for his fears, Golaud continued to brood over them until he was half insane. Nor was his mad rage allayed by learning that Pelleas was about to go away forever. Suspecting hat Melisande would grant the young man a farewell interview Goland seized his wife by the hair, tragging her along the ground in his furious efforts to rept away, shaken and terrified, to bid Pelleas a last goodby. Golaud, unseen,

time the youth avowed his love for her, and she confessed she had loved him always. Goland sprang from the shadow of a tree and confronted them. Pelleas uld not flee, and was stabbed to the heart by his crazed half-brother. Melis-is, wounded, fled to her own apartments.

for his unjust cruelty, but in the same breath imploring her to tell if she had "Besides, didn't you open a letter that came to me addressed by hand last her frail strength. Clasping in her arms her infant child and Golaud's she sank back dead, her husband's harsh, insistent questioning still ringing in her ears.

The Story of "Don Glovanni" Will Be Published Thursday.

What Is an Educated Man?

By George W. Mart n.

Secretary Massachusetts State Board of Education. HE most important part of education comes from intercourse with peaple. From this side comes the education in love and duty and service. The actions of people stimulate imitation and emulation. By these men; grow in power and skills. From observation of the character of people, men form ideals of character for themselves and are transformed. Know you should respect my letters as I respect yours. Do I open you should respect my letters as I respect yours. Do I open you should respect my letters as I respect yours. Do I open you should respect my letters as I respect yours. The throught thereby. Herein lies the consummate educative power in Christianity—the transforming power of the Divine Man.

According to this new idea, education is not merely receiving but giving; not letters I am ashamed of. And I'm sure I've often put letters on your desk and learning alone but doing. The educated man is open-eyed and open-minded, quick to respond to influences from without, learning from all his experiences and growing in power as he grows in knowledge. Charles Kingsley said of his "Oh, often," said Mrs. Jarr. "And if you are so afraid I'll see something to father that "he possessed every faculty but the faculty of using his faculties."

Education is an individual matter. No two men can be educated alike in man reads or opens her husband's letters:" Mrs. Jarr smiled indulgently ways. One becomes educated by way of schools and colleges and life, another by life alone. The measure of a man's education is the measure of his use in

The Cleverest Woman in the World.

By W. G. Fitzgerald. N the stroke of three an insignificant little black-robed woman stepped

in, and the vast and brilliant throng rose with a thrill of homage and respect. Next moment a roar of applause burst forth. The timid little figure was visibly distressed, and raised a trembling hand in mute appeal. Then you could have heard a pin drop, and she began o speak. Of her lecture I will say no more. But as I heard the greatest personages from Sweden to Vienna speak in tones of reverence of this woman, determined to secure her strange story. This was more disticult on account of Madame's horror of publicity. Not long after the birth of her eldest child, Irene, Mine. Curle took , tiny cottage on the Boulevard Kellerman, near the Parose Montsouris, a district so remote that hardly any cocher knows where it is. Too the ordinary Parisian the Boulevard Kellerman is only something little less

Here "the cleverest woman in the world" has a little lvy-covered house lying back from the road, and spends her days carrying on her own and her late husband's work-not forgetting her little girls, Irene, who is nearly seven, and Eve, who is two and a half. A Polish cousin of hers helps her with the children; and there is also Dr. Curie, her husband's father, to be taken care ofpatriarch well over eighty.-Harper's Bazar.

Can You Guess the Singer's Name?

N eminent singer of foreign birth whose appetite is such that it almost rivals the fame of his voice, dined at a table where all the women were A rivals the fame of his voice, dined at a table where an extraction of the nineteen-year-old daughter reasonably mature, with the exception of the nineteen-year-old daughter. of his host, who sat at the great man's left. The artist paid avid attention to his plate until the latter stages of the repast, when the dishes began to come slowly enough for him to engage in conversation with the young person, to whom in the Latin manner he paid a Latin compliment, assuring her in head private ear that to him she "seemed like a flower among vegetables."

"Then I can scarcely hope to occupy first place in your thoughts-at dinner," she responded, demurely.

And the eminent singer could not think of an answer,-Harper's Weekly

The Three Chinese Dragons.

HERE are three kinds of Chinese dragons—the lung of the sky, the li the sea and the kiau of the marshes. The lung is the favorite kind, however, and has "the head of a camel, the horns of a deer, the eyes of rabbit, ears of a cow, neck of a snake, belly of a frog, scales of a carp, clawad of a hawk and paim of a tiger." His special office is to guard and support the mansions of the gods and he is the peculiar symbol of som emperor,